a raccoon, but the fact is once he gets

interested in a pursoot, he's rigged so

he can't quit none ontil the project's a

success. Thar's herds an' bands of

folks an' anamiles who's fixed sim'lar.

They can start, an' they can't let up.

Thar's bulldogs; they begins a fight too

easy, but the capacity to quit is left out

of bulldogs entire. Same about nose

paint with gents I knows. They capers

up to whisky at the beginnin' like a kit-

ten to warm milk, an' they never do

cease no more. An' that's how the

kyards falls to raccoons about plenty of

"Knowin' these yere defects in rac-

coons, this Olson plots to take advan-tage tharof; an' by playin' it low on

Bill's raccoon, get even with Bill about

that dead hawg. Which Bill wouldn't

have took a drove of hawgs, no indeed!

not the whole fall round-up of hawgs

for all of West Tennessee, an' lose that

"It's when Bill's over to Pine Knot

layin' in terbacca, an' nose paint, an

cornmeal, an' sech necessaries, when

Olson stands in to down Bill's raccoon.

He goes injunnin' over to Bill's an'

finds the camp all deserted, except the

raccoon's thar settin', batt a' his eyes

mournful an' lonesome on the doorstep

This Olson sets down by the door an

fondles the raccoon, an' trokes his

coat, an' lets the raceoon nearch his

pockets with his black hards ontil he

gets that friendly an' confident about

Olson he'd told him anything. It's then

this yere miscreant, Olson, springs his

"He's got a couple of crawfish which

he's fresh caught at the Branch. Now

raccoons regards crawtish as onusua

good eatin'. For myse'f, I can't say I

deems none high of crawfish as viands.

but of course raccoons is different; an'

the way they looks at it crawfish is pie

"This Olson brings out his two craw

fish, an' fetchin' a jar of water from the

sping he drops in a crawfish an' in-

cites an' aggravates Zekiel-that's the

"Zekiel ain't shy on the play. He

knows crawfish like a gambler does ar

ace; so turnin' his eyes up to the sky, like

a raccoon does when wrapped in pleas

ant anticipation that away, he plunges

"Of course once Zekiel acquires him

the pore crawfish don't last as long as

a drink of whisky. When Zekiel has

him plumb devoured he turns his eyes

on Olson, sort o' thankful, an' 'waits de-

"Olson puts in the second crawfish.

the other. It's now that Olson onfurls

"Olson drops a dozen buckshot into

the jar of water. Nacherally, Zekiel,

who's got his mind all framed up touch-

in' crawfish, goes after the buckshot

"But it's different with buckshot

Zekiel can't pick 'em up. He tries au

tries with his honest simple face turned

up to heaven, but he can't make it. All

Zekiel can do is feel 'em with his foot.

an' roll 'em about on the bottom of the

"Now, as I remarks prior; when

raccoon gets embarked that away, he

can't let up. He ain't arranged so

he can quit. Olson, who's plumb aware

tharof, no sooner gets Zekiel started on

them buckshot than knowin' that

nature can be relied on to play her hand

out sa'nters off to his wickeyup, leavin'

Zekiel to his fate. Bill won't be home

till Monday, an' Olson knows that be-

fore then, onless Zekiel is interrupted.

he'll be even for that hawg Bill drops

As Olson comes to a place in the trai

where he's goin' to lose sight of Bill's

camp he turns an' looks back. The

picture is all his revenge can ask. That

sets Zekiel on the doorstep, with his

happy countenance turned up to the

dome above, with his right paw elbow

deep in the jar, still rollin' an' feelin'

them buckshot around, an' allowin

he's due to ketch a crawfish every

"Well, it works out exactly as the

wretched Olson figgers. The sun goes

down, an' the Sunday sun comes up an

sets agin, an' still pore Zekiel is planted

by the jar, with his hopeful eyes on

high, still feelin' of them buckshot. He

can't quit no more'n if he was loser in a

"When Bill rides up to his door about

second drink time Monday afternoon,

Olson is shortly even on that hawg.

Thar lays Zekiel too dead to skin. He'

jest set thar with them buckshot an

felt himse'f to death."-Chicago Trib-

Not Disloyal.

where the methods of holding elections

were notoriously loose, a man who had

in his employ a large number of negroes

was nominated for a municipal office.

One of his workmen was an especial fa-

vorite, and the candidate was a good

deal surprised to hear that this partic

ular employe had voted the other ticket.

Summoning him to the office, he said:

"Jerry, haven't I always treated you

"Fus' rate, boss. I's allus said dat, l

"Then why did you go back on me?"

"There's no use of trying to conceal it.

" 'Deed I didn't, suh. Dem fellers

You voted against me at the election."

come ter me an' dey wanted my vote

An' I wasn't goin' to lose de chance ter

do sumpin' tow'ds cripplin' 'em finan-

"So you did vote for the other man?

"Yassuh. I wus under contract ter

do dat much, an' I couldn' break mer

promise. But I onlyvoted foh him once

an' I done voted foh you nine times,

Not a Rag.

proud of his standing in the communi-

first came to this town I had hardly a

The prominent citizen was rather

"And, do you know," he said, "when I

The man who was not so prominent

"When I first came to this town," he

"You're joking," said the prominen

"Not at all," replied the citizen who

was not so prominent, seriously. "I was

said, "I actually didn't have a rag to my

suh."-Detroit Free Press.

or to my back?"

eitizen.

shrugged his shoulders.

born here."-Chicago Post,

has, 'bout de fines' white folks dat is."

"When does you mean?"

"I didrjt go back on yer."

"At de election."

A number of years ago, in a section

poker game, Zekiel can't,

moment.

Zekiel takes him into camp same a

name of Bill's raccoon -to feel in an

get him a whole lot.

in his paw an' gets it.

velopments.

his plot on Zekiel.

with his fore foot.

things.

raccoon.

game.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Froprietor

VOLUME XXX.

HE IN I FEREMAN WHOM THE THUTH MADES PERE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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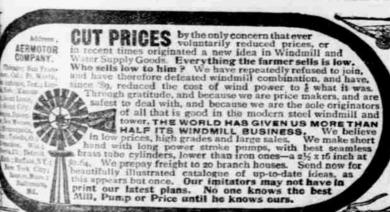
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# THE BOTHER.

The care-wearied mother sighed out, As she looked at the books and the play-That were everywhere scattered about,

Had left on the windows and wall.

Such a haby for getting in mischief! I can't keep him tidy and sweet. Though I'm busy from daylight to bedtime The room never seems to be neat.

I've never a moment to restal and she sighed as she threaded her needle. With life and its worries opprest.

slow, muffled sound on the pavement, She looks through the mist-clouded pane and sees, almost under her window, A hearse going by in the rain.

as she thinks of the household whose dar-Lies under the small coffin's lid.

And kneels by the sleeper in tears,

The great loving Father-Heart hears. No longer the child seems a bother, As she thinks of the hearse in the rain, And the mother-arms, aching and empty, Where the little dead baby has lain.

BY DAN QUIN.

"Now I thoroughly saveys," remarked the old cattleman, reflectively, at a crisis in our last conversation when the talk turned on men of small and cowardly measure, "I thoroughly saveys that taste for battle that lurks in the defiles of folks' nature like a wolf in the hills. Which I reckons now that I, myse'f, is one of the peacefullest people who ever beited on a gun; but in my insincts-while I never jestifies or follows his example-I cl'arly apprehends the emotions of a gent who convenes with another gent all similar, in' expresses his views of him with his gun, an' immediately precedes a adjournment sine die by skelpin' the opposition. Sech is human nature onrestrained, an' the same, while deplor-

"But this yere Olson I has in my mem'ry don't have no sech manly emolions as goes with a gun play. Which Olson, I takes pleasure in sayin', is a alien an' a rank outsider, an' no more born in this home of freedom than a Mexican. Olson is so cowardly e's even furtive; an' for a low-flung measly play let me tell you what Olson

does. It's shorely onery. "It all arises years ago, back in Tennessee, an' gets its first start out of hawg which is owned by Olson an' s downed by a gent named Hoskins-

wreathed yooth, when anamiles goes projectin' about permiseus, a party has o build his fences 'bull strong, hawg ight, an' hoss high,' or he takes results. Which Hoskins don't make his ences to conform to this were roole none; leastwise they ain't have tight is is shown by one of Olson's hawgs.

Ill's lot; that's whatever.

"But Bill, perceivin' of Olson's have ayin' waste his crop, reaches down : Hawkins' rifle, 30 to the pound, an' stretches the hawg. Which this i where Bill falls into error. Layin' aside them deficiencies in Bill's fence. it's cl'ar at a glance a hawg can't be held responsible. Hawgs is ignorant and tharfore innocent; an' while hawg egitimate.

feels like this vere hawg's done put it all over him, is to go an' lay for Olson, Seeh action by Bill would have been ome excessive, some high, so to speak, but it would have been a line shot. Whereas killin' the hawgs is 'way to one side of the mark, an' under.

that away, and oncapable of perhaps refined reasonin', downs the pig, an' his hand, if he feels so moved.

"Now, that's where the cowardly nature of this yere Olson begins to shine. He's ugly es a wolf about Bill copperin' his hawg that away, but he don't pack the nerve to go after Bill an' make a round-up of them grievances. An' he ain't allowin' to pass it up none onrevenged neither. Now, here's what Olson does; he 'sassinates Bill's pet rac-

pore, confidin' raccoon, who don't no more stand in on that hawg killin' of

"Now, I allow you saveys all thar is to know about a raccoon. No? Well, raccoon's like this: In the first place he's plump ingenuous, an' ain't lookin' for no gent to hold out kyards or ring a cold deck on him. That's straight; a racecon is simple-minded that way: an' his impressive trait is, he's meditative. Besides bein' nacherally thoughtful as to his own affairs, I might say a raccoon s a heap melancholy—he jest sets than an' absorbs melancholy from merely

"But if a raccoon is melancholy or gets wrapped in thought that away, it's after all his own play. It's to his credit that once when he's tamed he's got a mountainous confidence in men, an' will curl up an' go to sleep where you be n' shet both eyes. He's plumb trustful; an' moreover, no matter how mournful a raccoon feels, or how plumb melancholy he gets, he don't pester you

with no varns. lentical raccoon of Bill's plenty frement when he feels blue an' again when he's at his gaillest, an' he never remarks nothin' to me except p'lite gen-

"If this Olson had been a dead game party who regards himsel w he'd searched out a gun, or a knife, or mebby a club, an' pranced over an' rectified Bill a whole lot. But he's too timid and too cowardly, an' afraid of Bill. So to play even he lines out to bushwhack this he'pless, oninstructed raccoon. Olson figgers to take advan-

raccoon's constituotion. "Mebbe you never noticed it about

### STRIPS OF HUMAN SKIN.

Medical Students.

pecunious Operators in the Dissecting Room-How the Strops Are Made.

emplifies the fin de siecle and aference of the age to means and ends. It need searcely be said that it was in the brain of a heartless medical student, steeled to insensibility of the sacredness of the corporeal body by constant contact with it in the dissecting-room, that this razor

will reach in his professional profanation of the corpses upon which he is called to operate. This is proverbial the world over, and it has come to pass that he looks upon a human cadaver-it was he who first called it a "stiff"-as merely a fleshly commodity, which, the vital spark once gone from it, becomes so much clay to be worked over and manipulated in any way he sees fit.

enough, that the razor strop of human skin is an actuality. You are far wrong. It is in existence in New York, but the traffic in them is carried on surreptitiously and as an occasional means of helping some poverty-stricken "med." to eke out a living.

most delicate and finest of steel instruments are used. It is necessary to keep these instruments extremely sharp. The ordinary coarse stone or strop would utterly destroy the delicate blades

be nicely "finished" on the palm of the hand. This fact led to the use of small erude strops made of bits of flesh, secured in the dissecting-room. The possibilities of this human flesh strop apexperiments which have resulted in the ket of a razor strop made of human flesh.

as it is from this that the most desirable strips of flesh for razor strops are secored. The epidermis and the dermis are carefully removed together in a strip 18 inches by five inches. All fat is cut away and the strip is then put in a strong solution of arsenic and water where it is allowed to remain for about five hours. It is now changed to a weaker solution of arsenic and left for 11/2 days.

Next it is placed in a secret solution. which imparts additional firmness to it, and is then stretched and tacked on a board to dry. Two days in the sun is required for the drying, and it is then trimmed and cut to the required size. A piece of flesh of the size described will shrink in the process of curing to fourteen by three and a half inches.

treat

to the ordinary razor strop of leather.

The Foot of School Children in many cases. N. Y. Ledger.

Dangers of Railroading. tive was hauling cars steep grade to the dock.

gentleman was watching this or

The razor strop of human skin ex-

audacity the average medical student

Now, you do not believe, possibly

One side of these strops is made of black flesh and the other side of white flesh. The skin for these strops is secured in this way: When students are given parts of the human body to dissect, the skin is usually removed and thrown away. This waste skin is now

Next it is thoroughly saturated with linseed oil to soften it, and after being rubbed hard with a smooth, round stick, it is rendered remarkably flexible and ready for mounting. A piece of white linen duck is used for backing. and the strip of flesh is pasted to it with a thin solution of furniture glue. The two sides of the strop are made one of black flesh and the other of white flesh. The black flesh is prepared in the same manner as that of a white man's skin, but it is more difficult to

The two strips of human flesh are pasted together back to back, and make a razor strop which is said by those who have used them to be far superior

The dark side is used to "start" and the white side to "finish" the razor. The advantages claimed are that it is softer and more flexible, and that the pores being closer together than in leather. it offers greater resistance to the razor and gives the blade a better and more lasting edge.-N. Y. Journal.

when solid food is taken it is not sufthe cause of insufficient nourishment

he saw a switchman, with a lantern, step on the track right in front of the approaching locomotive. The engine came on, and just as it seemed the man would be crushed, he gave a little jump and landed on the fender, out of danger. The slightest slip would have meant death of a horrible kind, and yet he took the risk 20 times a day. His pay could have hardly been worth the risk, but he never thought of that.

## A BRAVE JERSEY BOY.

Perhaps the darkest days experienced by the little army of Washington were those that witnessed the retreat across the Jerseys. New York had fallen into the hands of the boastful enemy; he had taken Forts Lee and Washington and the patriots were on the retreat with the victorious British following in their

wake.

that the following incidents occurred; Some time after dark during one of those memorable autumn days the American army began to pass a little hamlet at cross-roads between New Brunswick and Princeton, in New Jer-The place did not contain more than

20 houses, and these were so scattered that the collection had never been dignified by a name. The houses were of the old-fashioned kind, and several were stone, and to all large gardens were attached. The wagon train, which carried much of the ammunition that belonged to the army, came strag-ling through the

hamlet, guarded by a detachment of the most faithful. As the last wagen reached the plant the hindmost axel broke off and the precious contents were dumped upon the ground. Instantly all was confusion, and the

soldiers tried to repair the mishap, but soon discovered that it was irreparable. The other wagons being some distance in advance, and all heavily loaded, the men decided to bury the powder somewhere where it would not be found by the enemy when advancing, flushed

with late victories. The soldiers were discussing the burial of the ammunition when a boy of 15 appeared suddenly in their midst. He was a stout lad, not very well clad, but bright eyed and eager to lend a

hand in the time of need. "If you bury the powder here you must take care that the Tories don't watch you and turn it over to the British when they come along," said he to the sergeant who had charge of the

wagon guard. "You've got tories here, have you. boy?" asked the sergeant. "Three families, sir. You migh

throw a guard around their houses while you bury the powder, and that will keep them from finding out where you "The very thing. You're fit to com-

mand a regiment," cried the soldier, and

then he told the boy to point out the homes of the three tories, which wa done, and guards were placed at the It was far into the night when the wagon guard moved on without the

powder, and the boy had been cantioned to keep the secret that had been en trusted to his care. "I'll do that, sir," said he, his eyes t'ashing. "You can move on believing

tnat Toby Travers won't tell the enemy the hiding place of the ammunition it's safe here, and when you come buck you'll find it right where you've hid it " Daylight saw the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis established in one of the tory homes, and Toby saw more red-

coats then he ever expected to see. He was standing in the doorway of his humble home when he espied four British soldiers, headed by a tall sergeant, advancing toward him, and while he gazed they halted in front of the house. "You're the Travers boy, aren't you?"

the sergeant said, haughtily. 'My name's Toby Travers.' "I thought so. Well, Master Travers, we want you." Toby started a little, but kept his com-

"Whatever can you want with me?" he inquired. "Come along and we'll answer that

question in a little while." Without a word of further explanation he was marching to the tory's house and pushed half rudely across the threshold. "This is the boy," said the sergeant,

rainting his officer. "We caught him at his home and he is the boy who knows where they buried the powder." For a moment longer the leader of the British army looked across the table

and then said gruffly: "Where is it, boy?" All eyes were riveted upon Toby and the tall sergeant at the door grinned his delight.

"Aren't you going to tell?" demanded Cornwallis. "Why should I? If you found the powder you would use it against Gen.

Washington." "Of course we would! That would be paying the rebels back in their own coin.

"Then," said Toby, resolutely, "you can go out and find the powder." The face of Cornwallis flushed for a

moment-his eyes seemed to flash. "Do you know who I am, boy?" he exclaimed. "Yes, sir-you are Gen. Cornwallis,"

"I am. I command this army and serve the king. I hold your fate in my hands, young sir, and unless you tell where the rebels hid their powder last night you are liable to severe punishment." "I cannot do that, general," said Toby,

resolved to keep his secret at all haz ards. "I promised-" "What's a promise to a rebel?" interrupted the British chief. "Come, sir. We can't wait all day on you. You are delaying the advance of my army and

you must tell." "I refuse to tell you, sir. There!" "This is treason of the deepest dye!" exclaimed Cornwallis. "I never saw anything like it and from a boy, too," "This is too much," ventured one of the other officers in a lowered voice. "You should discipline the young rebel,

"Just what I am going to do. Here. sergeant. Take the prisoner and see that he is punched till night. If he still refuses to disclose the hiding place of this rebel powder you will stand him up before six soldiers and see that the muskets are loaded with ball."

Toby was escorted to the only empty house in the hamlet, an old stone affair with a elapboard roof and one little window which had been boarded up. Nearly all day the British force followed through the village on its march after Washington's retreating army. All day a tall, gruff sentry paced up and down in front of Toby's prison. Every now and then he looked in to see that

"rebel brat" was safe and each time he

### eaught the resolute look of the boy still confined between the four walls.

'Why don't you make a clean breast of it, boy?" said the guard toward even-"I am not a tory, sir," came the quick

answer. "Tory or not, it behooves you to tell where the rebel powder is. You know he orders.'

he other side of the old house, where guard, who thought him one of the 'stubbornest rebels" he had ever seen. Night came at last, throwing her sable pall over the memorable little

army had vanished, but 20 men remained behind to take care of the boy, safe in their clutches. More than once since sundown Toby was visited and urged to betray the hiding place of Gen. Washington's ammunition; but to all

said the sergeant, at last. "It is the ast moment of grace you have, boy." It was seven, then,

Toby listened to the retreating footsteps of the sergeant, and then the guard resumed his tramp in front of the old stone pile.

"This is Abner Bryant's work," said hero in Cornwallis' eye and to show

It was almost nine o'clock when the ergeant drew up his squad and saw that their muskets were loaded with

of the cross-roads stood off a little distance and witnessed this ceremony. "He'll tell." said the head tory. "The boy will weaken at the last moment, and when the rear-guard leaves us they'll

this, for she won't shed a tear, you know. "There they go now. The sergeant is going to carry out his orders if the little

rebel still remains defiant." "In front of the stone h tachment halted and the sentry saluted.

ock, and the next moment he looked in and called for Toby. There was no reply, and the soldier

A moment's grance seemed sufficient. "There's a hole in the roof!" cried he. "A hole in the roof?" echoed half a dozen voices. "Bring a light. Quick! The little

seamp has escaped." The utmost confusion reigned.

interior of the stone pile; a loose clapboard in the roof told that the little rebel had actually taken flight, and the white-faced sentry seemed ready to fall on his knees with fear.

heard him," he managed to say. "And ten minutes to him meant a

"It seems to me I heard a horse cross the bridge a little while ago," remarked The sergeant and one other bastened to Toby's home and searched it, Abner Bryant ran home to get out his best

The "best horse" was gone. escape was intense. The patriots of the hamlet secretly rejoiced, while the three

tories bit their lips with chagrin. Some months later Abner Bryant received a letter exploiting the good qualities of his missing horse and thank-

ing him for the use of it. The letter was signed "Toby Travers," and the enraged tory tore it up and threw it into the fire.

cross-roads? from Washington to Cornwallis and the defeated general looked at him with a great deal of curiosity.

"We have met before, my lord," said "I've been thinking as much," answered Cornwallis, "but just now I can-

"I'm the Jersey boy who wouldn't betray the hiding place of the patriot powder." A flush came to the Briton's face and

"We've heard from that powder since. I understand that a lot of rebels afterward uncarthed it and used some of it against us in the siege of Yorktown," he said, with a smile. "Your general nearly lost a young captain that time; but I commend your courage on that occasion. You deserve to be

made a major." It was the proudest moment in Capt. Toby's life, and the next proudest was when he went back to the little hamlet and turned over to Abner Bryant his black horse which had carried him to safety on the most eventful night in his history. Denver Republican.

One pleasing feature of the queen's busy life is the keeping up with her own hand of a correspondence with all her children and grandchildren, besides many other relatives and dear friends, such as, in the latter case, ex-Empress-Eugenie. This correspondence is particularly large when she is, as at present, in retirement in her Highand home. Perhans the most interest ing letter her majesty ever penned was that written to the prince of Wales many years ago announcing his emancipation from parental authority and control, when, after warning him egainst flatterers, she stated that she would never intrude any advice upon him, although she would ever be ready to give it whenever he should think fit to seek it.

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tion or society and communications of any corpora-tion or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or indi-vidual interest must be paid for as advertisments. Book and Job Printing of all kinds neatly and exediously executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou lorget it.

It is suggested that the Roman Catholies of Christendom shall subscribe \$1,-000,000,000 to buy Rome and a near-by seaport for the pope, says Harper's Weekly. The belief is expressed that the Italian government might sell the

property without serious detriment to s political integrity and that the oney could be used to great advantage relieving Italy of part of the burden f her public debt. It is not proposed to turn over the principal to the venders, but to place it in trust and to pay its annual proceeds into the Italian treasory as long as the pope remains undisturbed in the papul territory. The plan is a very pretty one and there are those who think the money might to raised and that King Rum-

ert's poverament would appreciate the advantages of such a bargain. But could home be the best purchase the pore could make with the money? ricago would take him vastly cheaper il g'æ h'm port privileges on Lake Hehima, but she could not engage to make him monarch of an American township at any price. But there is Constant to le, an excellent city, where poles have lived before, full of readymade churches built by Christians and nea; ripe now for reconsecration, Con tantinople seems liable to come into the market any day. If the pope could buy it of the sultan that would be a deal worth subscribing to and worth turning a page of history to record.

## SCIENTIFIC REASON GIVEN.

As by changing the direction of the lower features we change the direction of the eyes, says Notes and Queriez, so by changing our position, the eye of the portrait apparently follows us. If a vertical line be drawn through the tip of the nese and half way between the eyes, there will be the same breadth of head, of check, of chin and of neck on each side of this middle line, and each iris will be in the middle of the whole eye. If we now move to one side, the apparent horizontal breadth of every part of the head and face will be diminished, but the parts on each side of the middle line will be diminished equally, and at any position, however oblique, there will be the same breadth of face on each side of the middle line, and the iris will be in the center of the whole of the eyeball, so that, being on a flat surface, the iris will be seen in front of the picture or obliquely.

## Accident Stories.

It is characteristic of the perversity

down an embankment. The solemn-faced lady crawled from beneath the wreckage, and asked of a broken-legged man who was near:

"Oh, dear!" she answered, "then I hadn't oughter got off here, had 1?" This anecdote is much like a still older one which, in its original and proper form, came from Scotland. An

the ditch with a crash. As soon as the old woman could regain her senses and her tongue, she called out to the guard, who happened to be on the same wrecked car: "And do they are whummle us oot

like that?"-Youth's Companion.

A Lancashire lady has been relating a rather pretty story about a factory girl's way of answering a marriage pro-

brought a letter to me to read for her. It contained an offer of marriage. "I happened to know that the writer was a deserving young artisan, so I said to her: 'Now, you must consider

"A day or two afterward I met the girl again and asked her if she wanted me to answer the letter for her. 'Oh, that is all right,' said she, looking radiant and pleased. Tve settled it. I

answered it myself." "'Why, how did you do it?" I asked. "And then she told me that she could make a capital T and that she stuck on the paper a piece of wool after it for 'wull'-'I wool,' "-Pearson's Week-

## SAID BY THE SCIENTISTS.

Aluminum should always be used alone and pure, as it readily forms electric couples with every other metal, and is then easily attacked by water. Lyell, the geologist, says: At a period comparatively recent all that por-

Black Hills was under from 500 to 900 feet of water. Without solar fire we could have no atmospheric vapor, without vapor no clouds, without clouds no snow and without snow no glaciers. Curious. then, as the conclusion may be, the cold

of the sun.

The greatest depth, writes Prof. Seeley in his "Story of the Earth," at which earthquakes are known to originate is about 30 miles. It has also been calculated that a bent sufficient to melt granite might occur at about the same

WH Agent.

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'Dear, dear! what a bothersome baby!"

At the great dingy spot on the carpet, Where he'd let grandma's medicine fall, And the marks that the fat baby fingers

never catch up with my sewing:

there's a little white casket inside it, And then by swift tears it is hid.

the goes to the bed of her baby. and the prayer that goes up, mute and

Isben E. Rexford, in Good Housekeeping.

# HOW OLSON SQUARED IT.

able, is not surprisin'.

Bill Hoskins. It's this way: "Back in Tennessee, in my dream-

"The hawg comes pirootin' about Hoskins' fence, an' he goes through easy; an' the way that invadin' anamile arms Bill's potatoes bottom up don't other him a bit. He shorely loots

can be what Doe Peets calls a casus welli, they can't be regarded as a foe "Now what Bill oughter done, if he

"However, as I states, Bill bein' hasty stands put on it, waitin' for Olson to fill

"That's right, pard; jest massacre a

Bill's than me an' you-don't even ad-

bein' alive.

"I reckon I converses with this yere

tage of what's cl'arly a loophole in a

Converted Into Razor Strops by

A Gruesome Traffic Carried On by Im-

strop had its origin. You never can tell to what heights of

It is well known that in dissecting the

It is also well known that a razor can pealed so forcibly to the practical mind of one of the students that he began introduction very quietly on the mar-

The leg skin is the part most prized,

It is a lamentable fact that too little attention is given to the hygienic surroundings of the pupils in the schools, and by far too little to the nature of the food and the manner of cating. The aim often seems to be to so prepare the food that it will require little or no mastication before it is swallowed, and ficiently masticated to properly prepare it for the digestive organs. Some years ago a doctor requested many of his patients to report as to the number of bites it required to masticate different foods. He especially desired to learn how much less children chewed the food before swallowing it than their parents. He got reports from 150 intelligent people, and learned that practice in this regard varied very much, that children generally were entirely too ant to bolt their food. To encourage the habit of chewing it more thoroughly he had advised parents to give the children chewing-gum, much to the disgust of many of the parents. He thought the habit of swallowing food before it was sufficiently masticated

Familia ty breeds contempt for danger, as well as other happenings. This is especially true in railroad life, where the most horrible of deaths awaits a carcless step. A gentleman relates an incident of the kind, as seen in New Orleans. The transfer vessel of the Southern Pacific was at its p and a locomo-

Toby turned away and went over to It was during this famous retreat

he remained, looking defiantly at the The last detachment of the British

the pleadings and threats he turned a deaf ear, and was heartily cursed for his refusal. "We will quit here at nine o'clock,"

the little prisoner to himself. "He is mad because they watched his house and did not give him a chance to tell Cornwallis where the powder was buried. He takes this plan to become this British commander that he is loyal to the king. Never mind, Abner. We may be quits one of these days, and you may not stand quite so high in the estimation of King George's general!"

Abner Bryant and the other tories

take the rebel powder along." "Certainly. His mother understands

"It is nine o'clock," said the sergeant. The sergeant unlocked the door, the ey grating harshly in the rusty pad-

went inside.

A light was brought and revealed the

"He was here ten minutes ago, I

great deal. He can run like a deer," put in Abner Bryant. another and then the soldiers separated.

horse, but a startling discovery awaited The excitement that followed Toby's

What became of the little rebel of the The day after the surrender at Yorktown he was the bearer of a message

Capt. Toby, with a bow, not place you."

he turned it away. But the next moment he turned suddenly to the young

Queen's Domestic Correspondence.

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### Why the Eyes of a Painted Portrait Follow the Observer.

Wollaston's curious discovery was that by adding to each pair of eyes a nose directed to the right or the left, the eyes lose their front direction, and look to the right or left, according to the direction of the nose. By means of a flap representing the lower features in a different position, as Dr. Wollaston. remarks, "a lost look of devout abstraction in an uplifted countenance of inquisitive archness in the leer of a ounger face turned downward and obiquely toward the opposite side."

of human intelligence to find the most amusing things in the midst of the most serious circumstances-such as railroad accidents, for instance. It is related that a solemn-faced Yankee woman was once riding on the train from Brookfield to Stamford, Conn. Somewhere between the two stations the track spread, and the train rolled

"Is this Stamford?" "No, ma'am," the man gasped, "this is a catastrophe!"

old Scottish woman was taking ber first journey, to the very next station, on a railroad train. On the way a switch was left open, and the train went into

Her Lover Understood. posal made to her. "The young woman could not write or read writing, and one day she

this matter very seriously, and if you like to come to me when you have made up your mind I will write a reply for

tion of the United States south of the

ice of the Alps has its origin in the heat

. depth,